—got moved to Tuesday, so we'll head from there directly to the Honë investor event.

You'll already be glammed up so that'll be fine...

And I mean it *is* a skincare company, I'm assuming they'll have your makeup handled.

Let's see...

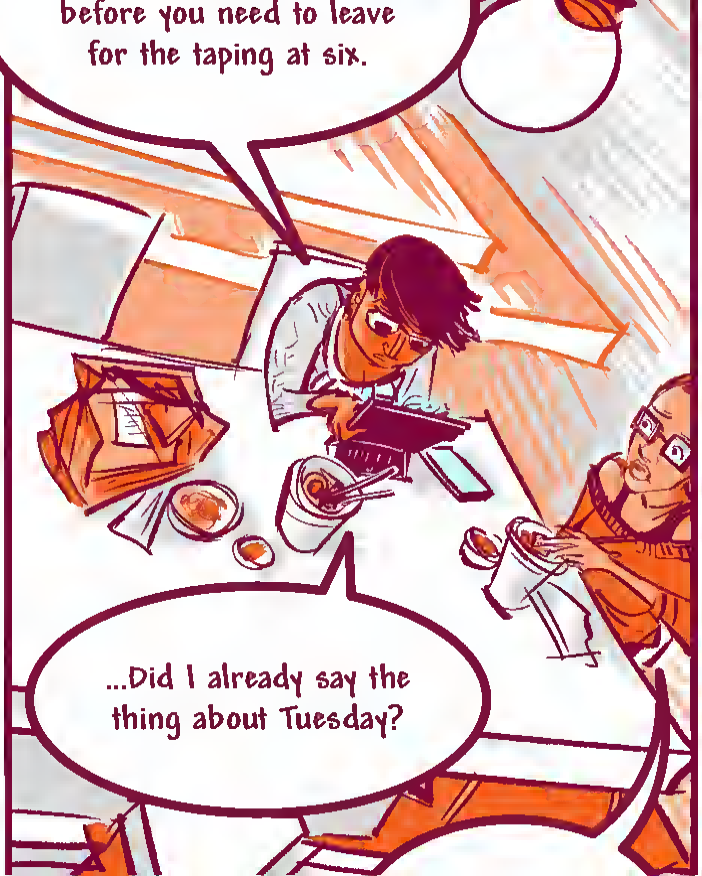
Gina says you need to do more personalized social media around the album, so I'll get on that.

Um.

I think that's all I have to go over.

Oh and I told you Meg said she'd be stopping by sometime in the next hour-ish to pick up the sequin so she can do forensic investigation stuff to it, right?

We'll have plenty of time


before you need to leave for the taping at six.
...Did I already say the thing about Tuesday?

Is everything alright?
Fine!
What?
Why?

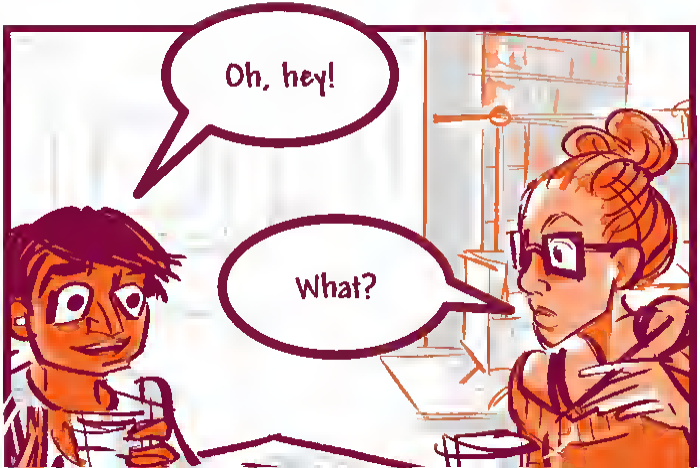
You just seem a little...nervous?

Ha!

Nope, not me.

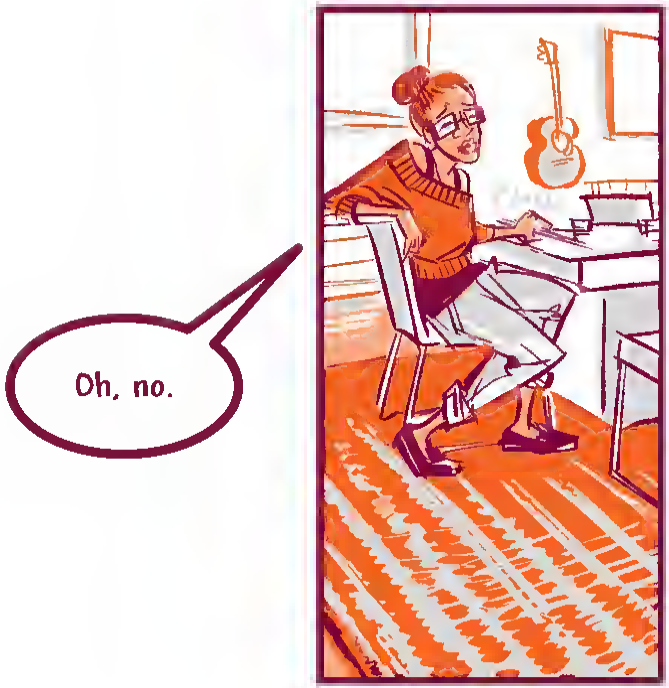
Everything here is extremely normal.

Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch
Munch


Oh, hey!
What?

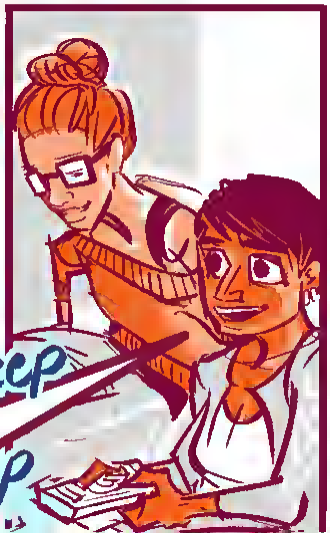
I know how we can fill the time 'til Meg gets here...

It's been waiting in your DVR for me for three weeks, but I haven't had a chance to watch it yet!


Oh, no.

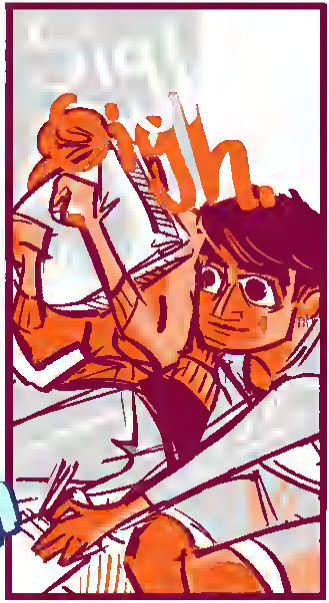
Oh, yes.

Can't you do this without me here?
Absolutely not.


Beep
Beep
Let's see... Menu, Saved Programs... Here we go! And Play.
Beep

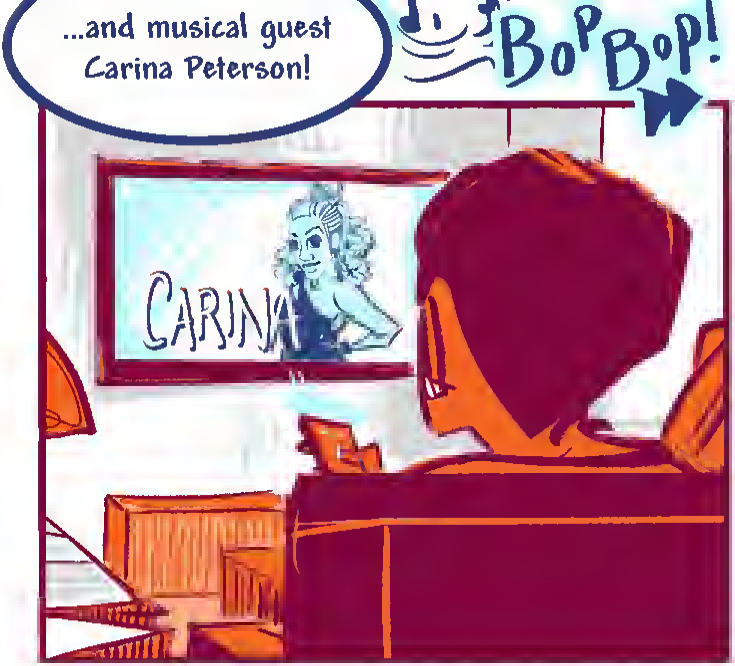
Beep

LIVE FROM NEW YORK IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!



POWER BALLAD

CHAPTER FOURTEEN


...and musical guest Carina Peterson!
BOP BOP!
CARINA

Blah blah, opening monologue... Which skits are you in?
...

Listen, if you don't tell me, we *will* sit here for an hour and a half to make sure I catch every glorious moment of your comedic stylings on the way to the musical performance at the end.

...This one coming up, after the commercial break.

Bop Bop!

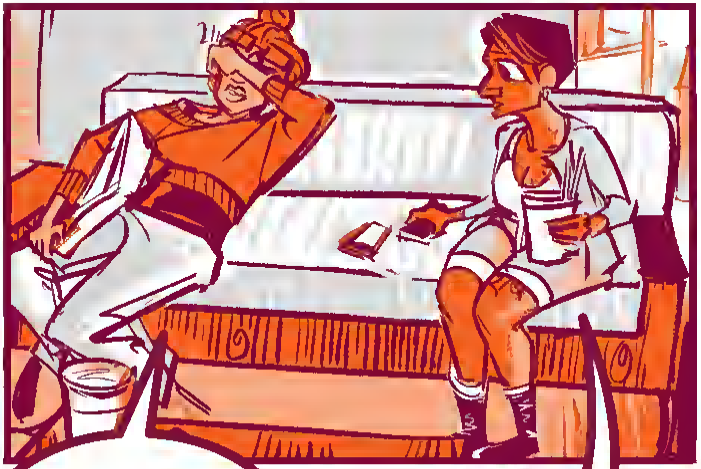
Sweet!

Ugh. It was mortifying enough the first time.
HAHAHA
HA!
Think of it as character-building—
—oh my God, what are you wearing?
Woop!
HA
HA

Are those pipe cleaners?
HA HA
I'm an alien looking for Earth men to repopulate my planet *pleeeeeease* turn it off.
HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA
Captain, as Chief Procreation Officer, I must warn you that my sensors detect an *intense* concentration of sexual energy just beyond that hill.

Turn it OFF.
Beep!



Sorry. I just, can't right now.

No, it's fine. I was just joking around, I wouldn't have pushed if—

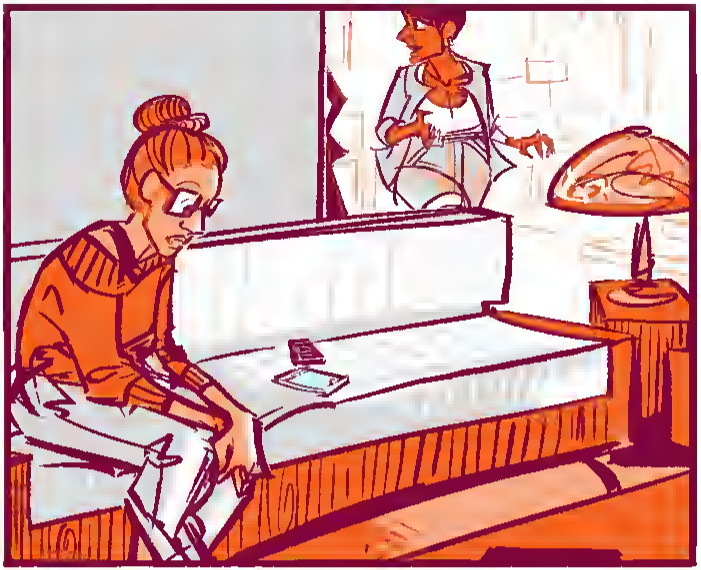
No, I'm just being weird.
Uh. Anything you want to talk about?
No.

Actually. Meera. I was, um, wondering if—

Oh! I bet that's Meg. Be right back.

ugh.
Bing
Bong!

...in my purse.
Thanks so much for coming over.



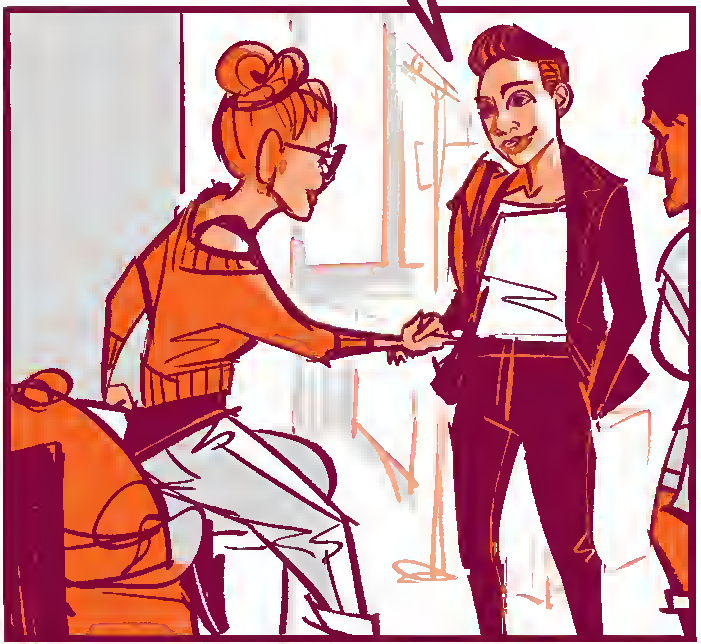
Carina, this is Meg!

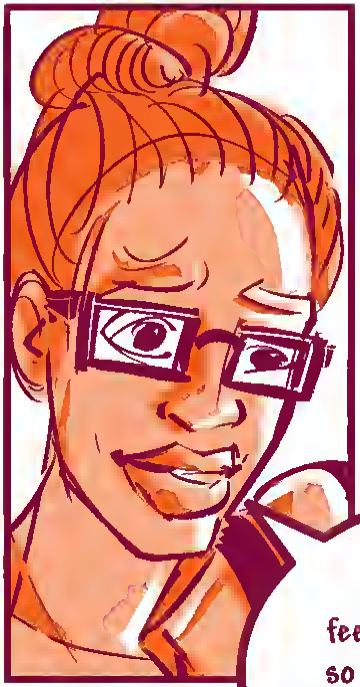
Yes! Hi!

Meg, this is my boss, Carina Peterson.

Hey there. Meera

said you think someone's been going through your closet? Yikes.



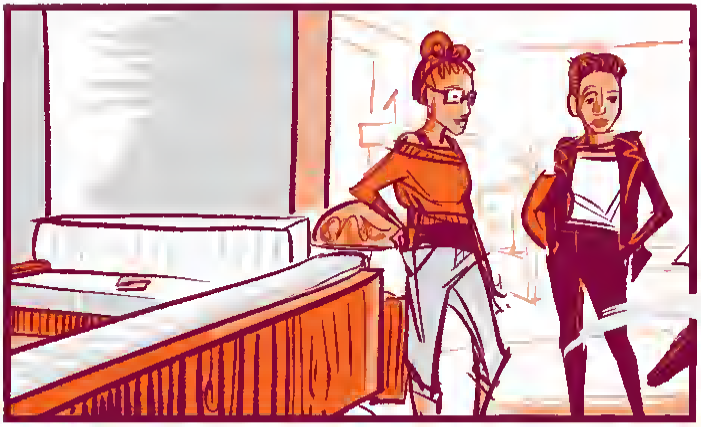

Yeah, and I have a feeling I know who it is, so I'd rather not get the police officially involved unless I have to.

Thanks so much for looking into this for us.
No problem at all.

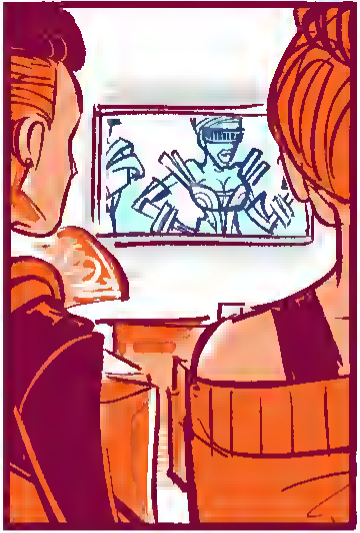
I owe Meera a few.

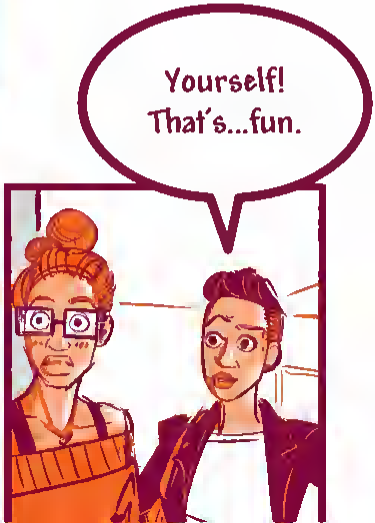
She's sadly yet to collect.

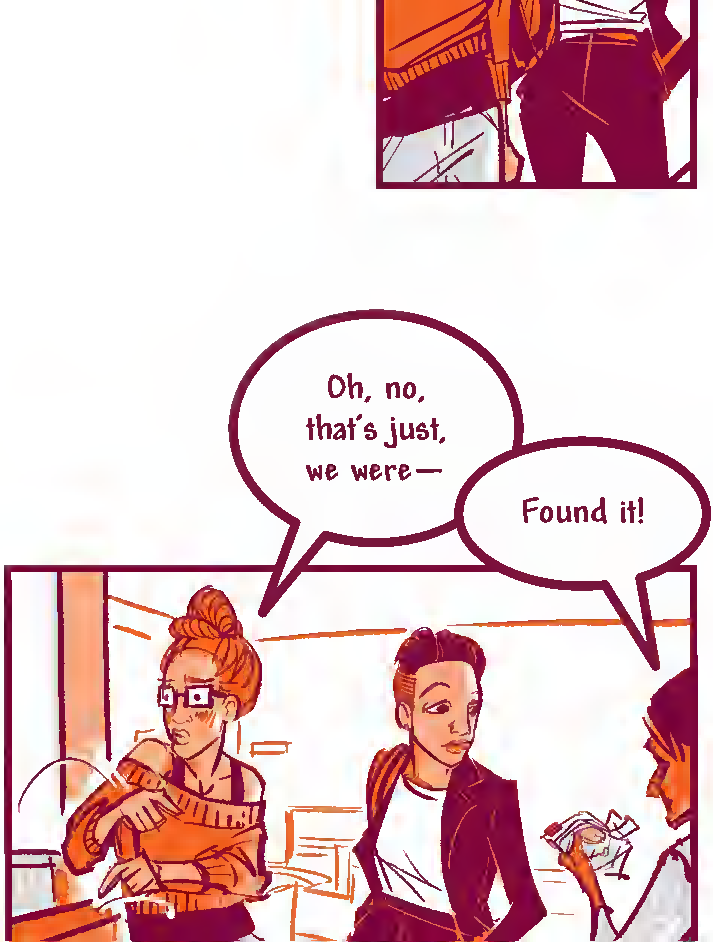
Anyway! I'll go get that thing.

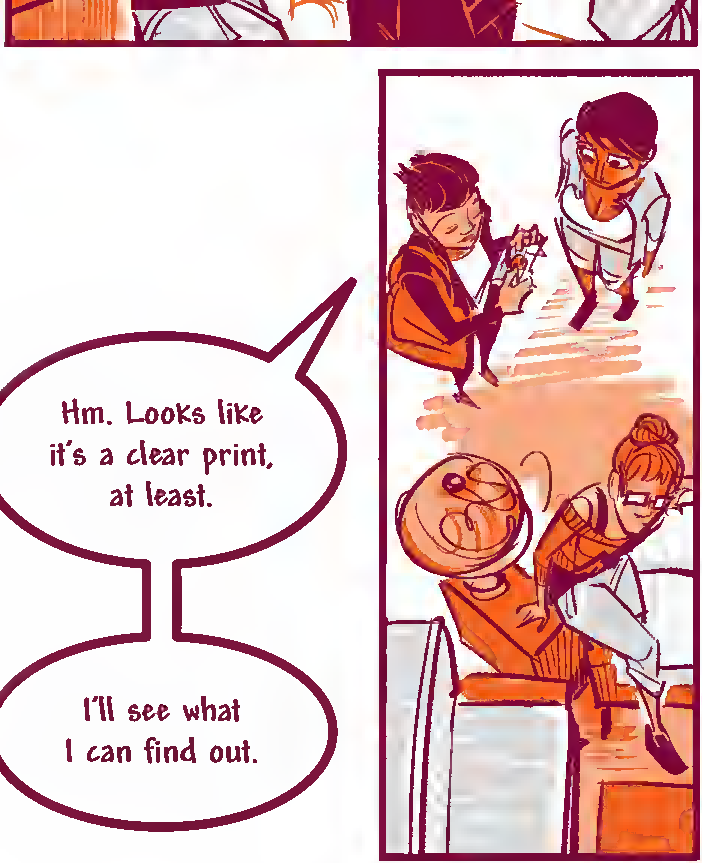


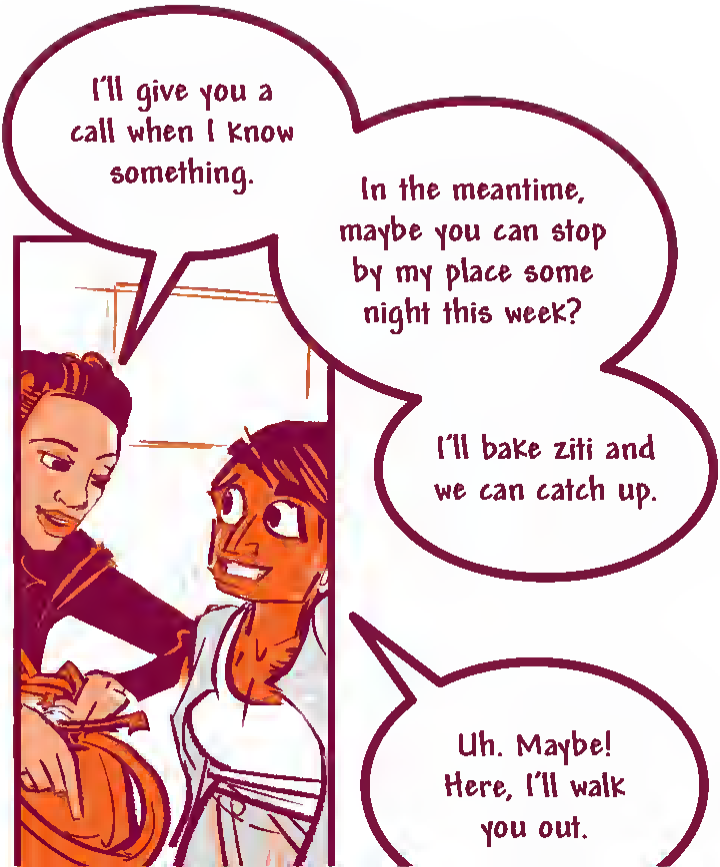
Have a seat?
Nah, I gotta get back soon. What were you watching?

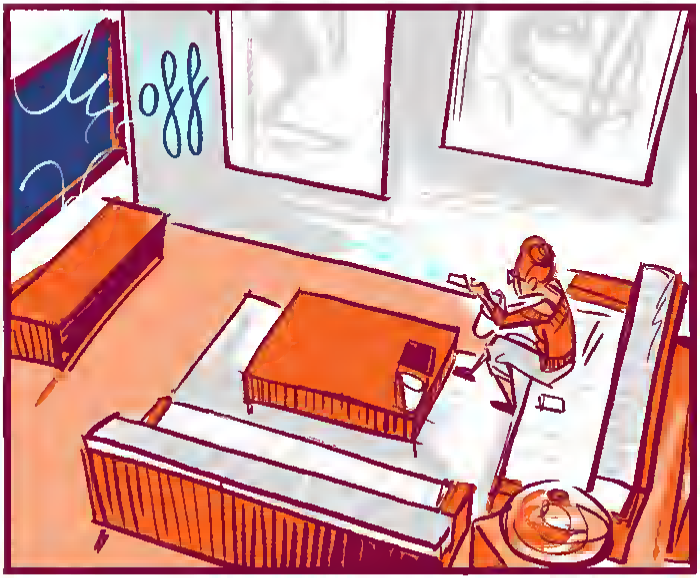



Yourself!
That's...fun.


Oh, no, that's just, we were—
Found it!

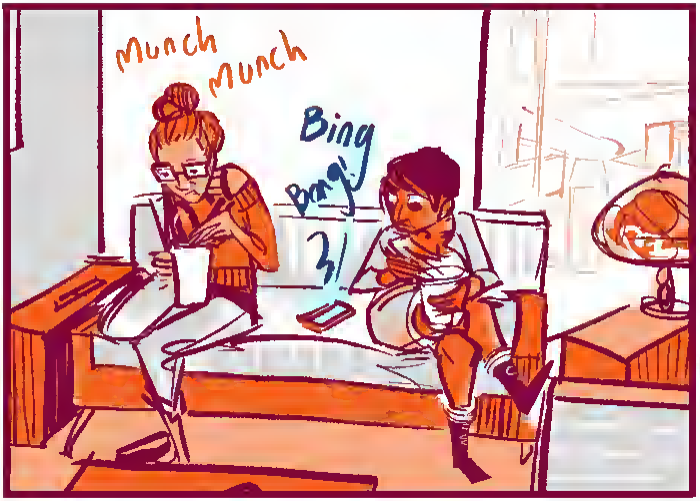

Hm. Looks like it's a clear print, at least.
I'll see what I can find out.


I'll give you a call when I know something.
In the meantime, maybe you can stop by my place some night this week?
I'll bake ziti and we can catch up.
Uh. Maybe! Here, I'll walk you out.



Well, that's taken care of.

She should know something definitive in the next couple days.



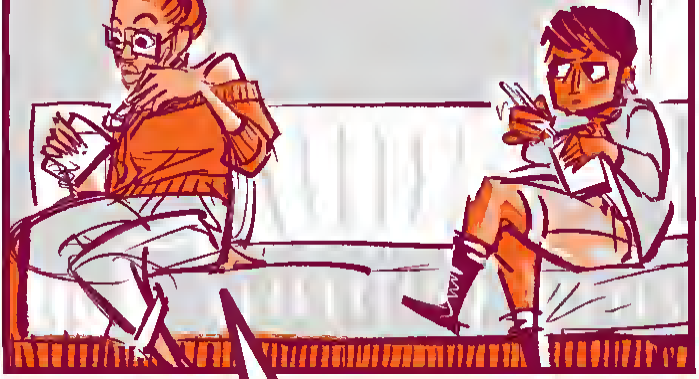
Problem?

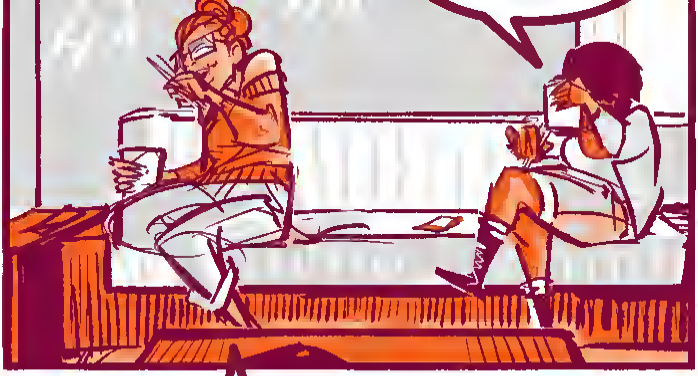
No, it's just Sydney. That girl you met at Diane's house?

She wants to meet up for coffee, but I *really* don't want to spend an hour listening to her talk about Kickstarting her lawn care documentary, or whatever it was.

It's cool that you're still close with so many of your exes.
I guess?
All the ones I've met seem really nice.
Yeah, they're great.

And helpful.
Mm-hm.
And.
...What.


Just, you know.
No, what?
...Thirsty.
Oh my God.



Like, so thirsty.

Oh my God.

Bake-you-ziti-level thirsty.

Well, it doesn't matter *how* thirsty they are.
They have all been banished to the luxury friend spa and they will *stay* in the luxury friend spa.

'Friend spa,' huh?

Yeah.

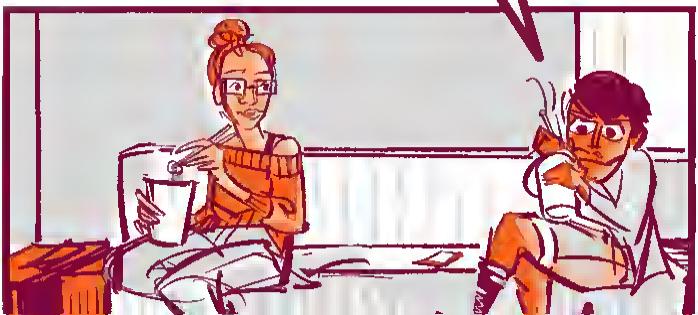
It's a magical, detoxifying realm of hot towels and cucumber masks for the romantically off-limits, from

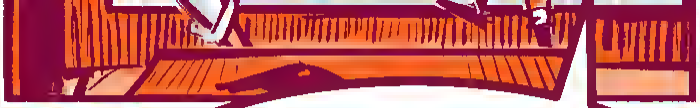
which my exes never return.

Todd is its benevolent cosmetologist-king.

Nobody escapes from the spa?

Absolutely not.





I am a fucking *champ* at healthy boundaries, and getting laid is not worth takesies-backsies drama.

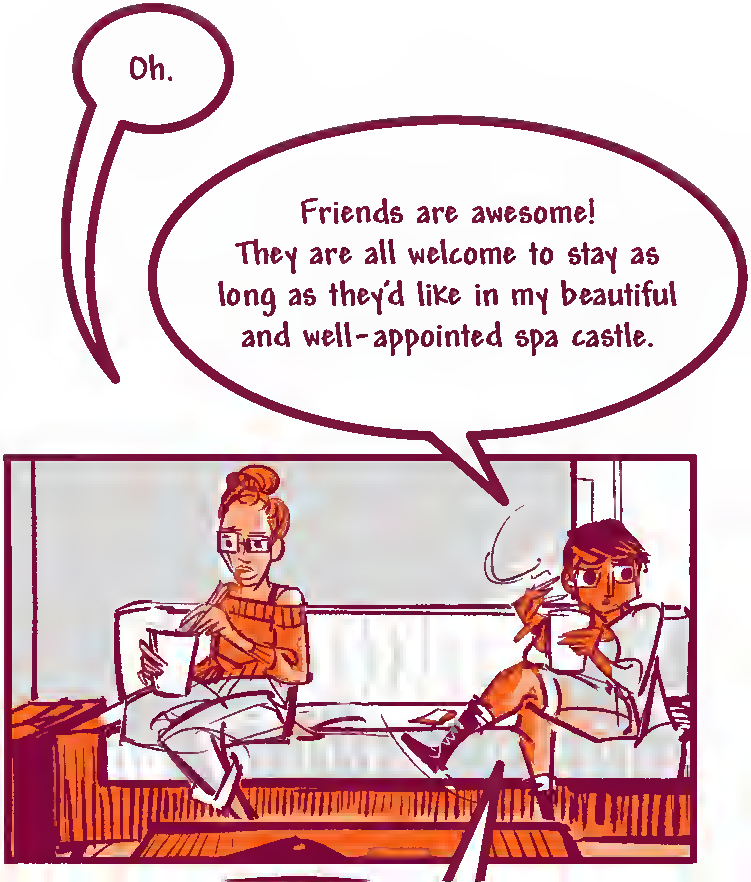
What do you mean?

Just—I mean, Meg's great, and Syd...probably has *some* redeeming qualities?

I don't really remember.

The point is, I'm totally happy to stay friends and whatever,

but it gets so awkward always being put on the spot with ziti and coffee and...thirstiness, you know?


Oh.
Friends are awesome! They are all welcome to stay as long as they'd like in my beautiful and well-appointed spa castle.

But if I wanted to be dating them I'd *be dating them*, and I feel like a made that pretty clear by *not dating them*.

It's like, take a *hint*. Get a sugar scrub and a hand massage. *Relax*.

Right. Take a hint.

Believe me, I get it—one-sided emotional stuff sucks.

But at least have some chill about it?

If someone *I* liked clearly wasn't interested in *me*, I wouldn't keep coming on to her in the sauna and make things super weird.

I would be honored to wear the white terrycloth robe and disposable flipflops of friendship. You know what I'm saying?

...Yeah, I think I do.

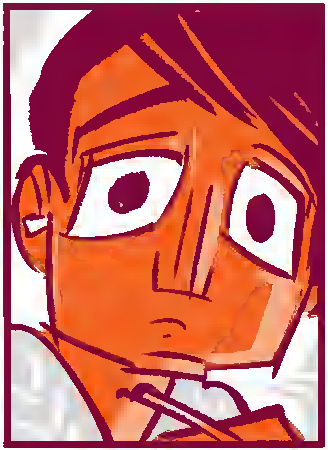
Well, you don't have to worry about any awkward ziti from me.
Huh?

Your friendship spa sounds amazing.

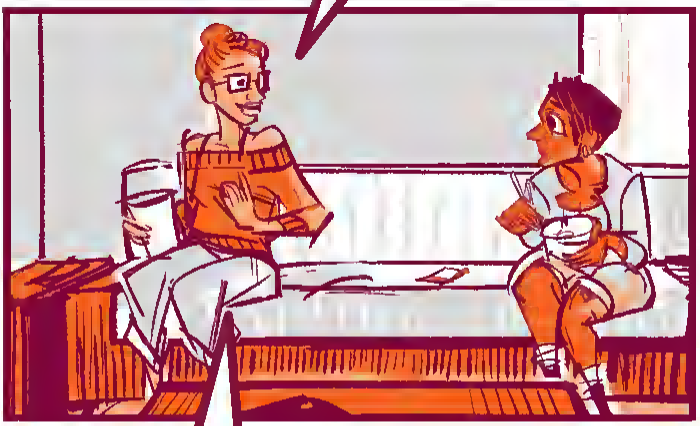
White robe, flipflops?

Todd in a branded polo handing out towels at the door?

Sign me up!



Yep. Healthy boundaries, seaweed masks, and no creeps lurking in the sauna.


Sounds amazing. I'm all about it.
...Right.

Same.

Okay!

Let's finish watching me make a fool of myself.

I thought you didn't—?
Changed my mind. I'm hilarious.

My tricorder boobs are picking up sex readings.

I'm repopulating an alien planet by probing Earth guys.

Classic.

Why are you spinning in place, Commander?
HA HA HA HA HA HA
My sensors are recalibrating, Captain!
HA HA HA HA HA

HA
HA
Oh, Captain! I'm picking up a very large signal from this direction.
HA HA HA HA
A big, throbbing signal. Captain, it's coming closer!
HA
HA

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